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The Only Place of the Kind in
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Open Day and Night. All the
best things that can be
bought are served.

OYSTERS, GAME, OYSTER GUMBO, SHRIMP,
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Jacksonville, Florida.

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The Consolidated Grocery Company is successor to the C. B. Roberts Company, of Jacksonville; the Florida Grocery Company, of Jacksonville; the grocery branch of the Florida Naval Stores and Commission Company of Jacksonville; the grocery branch of the Mutual Naval Stores Company, of Jacksonville; the grocery branch of the Gulf Naval Stores Company, of Tampa; the grocery branch of the Gulf Naval Stores Company, of Pensacola; the grocery branch of the West Coast Naval Stores Company of Pensacola; the grocery branch of the Southern Naval Stores Company, of Savannah. Will handle everything in Heavy and Light Groceries, Grain Domestic and Imported Groceries, Turpentine Tools, etc. State Agents for the White Hickory Turpentine Wagons.

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CHARM AND FASCINATION ABOUT LIFE IN FLORIDA

Correspondent of The Tampa Tribune Writes
Eloquently of Beauties and Joys of
the Land of Flowers.

(By W. Biddle Gilman, M. D.)

Seffner, April 15.—There is a charm a fascination about a life in Florida which is hard to shake off, especially to a man with Bohemian instincts (which we have all fallen heir to more or less) a sense of ease and security for which kind mother nature is here responsible, for here you find her in her most genial mood, the bright sunshine, the fragrant air, the gentle salt-laden, pine impregnated breezes, the luxuriant foliage, the sweet odor of the orange and other blossoms, the balmy nights rendered melodious by the ever-changing notes of the omnipresent mocking birds, these together with the social good natured ways of the people, makes life "move along like a song," and all these seem while they imbue you with a delicious languor, to likewise awaken all that is natural and good within you, you are cognizant only of living within a magic circle, in the meanwhile having but a hazy recollection of the outside world, with its bustle, its confusion, its trials, its struggles in very many instances for a mere living. You are of the world and yet not in it, you sit not alone, yet afar off and tranquilly gaze down upon it, but little moved by any news that comes to you from that world of the past, be it ever so tragic, ever so startling in its character, mildly wondering at the fierce energy put forth in their efforts to rush. You are as it were of the tribe of "Lotus Eaters," without the future pangs and sufferings of their entailment, the past is a nothing to you, you have no concern for the future, you are living in the present, the sunshine and the summer, and it is pleasant to sit and think that you are doing so, and this while your whole senses absorb the beauty and the freshness of the trees, the grass, and the flowers, watching meanwhile with not over eager, half closed eyes a crow, black as midnight, lazily surging his way over the mirror like surface of the lake, until he is lost to view behind the tall pines of the forest, that runs clean down to the waters edge.

Time is as nothing to you, you do or you do not do, just as the mood inclines, just as your fancy dictates, and nothing comes of it, you are as secure in the hereafter as the present, the day comes and the day goes, and as it takes its leave, the sun sinks into a bed of glory in the west, tingling the whole sky with subdued beauty. Now it is that the "Queen of Night" slowly rises, shining with an unpassed radiance, which you see nowhere else in this far Southland, the stars peep forth one by one, following each other in rapid succession, until the sky is studded with a brilliancy unexcelled, while the shadows creep around you as if with protecting arms.

Now it is that the mocking bird from some adjacent tree gushes forth in sweet melody, the air vibrates with his notes, others join in, and it is all around you, here, there, everywhere, in every key, from the soft, sensuous flute-like notes, to the highest of his capability, then suddenly (so suddenly as to almost startle you) dropping to a mere whisper, a mere suggestion of sound, so to speak.

All at once you become aware that you are a white haired, white bearded old fellow, who has allowed himself to drop into sentiment much as the maiden, whose young heart timidly welcomes the sweet song of love for the first time, and you spring to your feet, shake yourself to be rid of the lethargy that has come upon you, and make your way to the stables, saddle and bridle a horse and sally forth. It is now midday, and the noontide sun is pouring down upon the great trees of the forest, upon the sandy grass lined roads, the houses with their gardens and fruit trees, and the broad bosom of the lake shimmering and glistening beneath its rays, while the green fields lie indolently bathed in the bright warm splendor of a perfect day.

You pass through the gate, while your horse eager to be off chafes restlessly under the bridle's restraint, so taking a bypath you give him free rein, in quick response to which he strikes into a brisk "running trot," (as he is West Virginia bred he has that gait to perfection) out through the wood, past the tall pines, past the sturdy oaks, whose branches bear in drooping festoons great masses of Spanish moss. Now emerging again into the open, past farm houses with door ajar, and smoldering fires upon the hearths, suggestive of breakfasts leisurely eaten, houses deserted for the nonce while their occupants are toiling in the fields, with no other sounds save those of the whispering trees overhead, the song of the birds in their leafy coverts, and the happy laughter of children, merry hearted at play.

On and on you go never ever so slightly checking your steed, until both horse and rider are perfectly content to drop into a walk, by this time you are in a perspiration, it is dropping down your face, your body and limbs are bathed in it and you are yourself again. Once more you are of the world, your dream, your "Lotus" dream is over, and you are again anxious to measure your lance with the foe, once more anxious to plunge headlong into the mad rush, into the hustle and bustle of the old life, but you have had a new experience, you have for a time fallen under the influence of the "Florida" climate, such a climate as no other part of the world can produce, and you are the better for it, the recollection will be with you always, you can never forget it.

The Shackling of Jefferson Davis

Pearson's
Magazine

Told By An
Eye Witness.

On the morning of the 23 of May, a yet bitterer trial was in store for the broad spirit—a trial severer, probably, than has ever in modern times been inflicted upon any one who had endured such equanimity. This morning Jefferson Davis was shackled.

Captain Jerome E. Titlow, of the Third Pennsylvania Artillery, entered the prisoner's cell, followed by the blacksmith of the fort and his assistant, the latter carrying in his hands some heavy and harshly-rattling shackles. As they entered, Mr. Davis was reclining on his bed, feverish and weary after a sleepless night, the food placed near to him the preceding day still lying untouched on its tin plate near his bedside.

"Well," said Mr. Davis as they entered, slightly raising his head. "I have an unpleasant duty to perform, sir," said Captain Titlow; and as he spoke, the senior blacksmith took the shackles from his assistant. Davis leaped instantly from his recumbent attitude, a flush passing over his face for a moment, and then his countenance growing livid and rigid as death.

He gasped for breath, clutching his throat with the thin fingers of his right hand, and then recovering himself slowly, while his wasted figure towered up to its height—now appearing to swell with indignation and then to shrink with terror, as he glanced from the captain's face to the shackles. He said slowly and with a laboring chest:

"My God! You cannot have been sent to iron me?"

"Such are my orders, sir," replied the officer, beckoning the blacksmith to approach, who stepped forward, unlocking the padlock and preparing the fetters to do their office. These fetters were of heavy iron, probably five-eighths of an inch in thickness, and connected by a chain of like weight.

"This is too monstrous!" groaned the prisoner, glaring hurriedly round the room, as if for some weapon, or means of self-destruction. "I demand, Captain, that you let me see the commanding officer. Can he pretend that such shackles are required to secure the safe custody of a weak old man, so guarded, and in such a fort as this?"

"It could serve no purpose," replied Captain Titlow; "his orders are from Washington, as mine are from him."

"But he can telegraph," interposed Mr. Davis, eagerly; "there must be some mistake. No such outrage as you threaten me with is on record in

the history of nations. Beg him to telegraph, and delay until he answers."

"My orders are peremptory," said the officer, "and admit of no delay. For your own sake, let me advise you to submit with patience. As a soldier, Mr. Davis, you know I must execute orders."

"These are not orders for a soldier!" shouted the prisoner, losing all control of himself. "They are orders for a jailer—for a hangman, which no soldier wearing a sword should accept! I tell you the world will ring with this disgrace. The war is over; the South is conquered; I have no longer any country but America, and it is for the honor of America, as for my own honor and life, that I plead against this degradation. Kill me! Kill me!" he cried, passionately, throwing his arms wide open and exposing his breast, "rather than inflict on me, and on my people through me, this insult worse than death."

"Do your duty, blacksmith," said the officer, walking toward the embrasure as if not caring to witness the performance. "It only gives increased pain on all sides to protract this interview."

At these words the blacksmith advanced with the shackles, and seeing that the prisoner had one foot upon the chair near his bedside, his right hand resting on the back of it, the brawny mechanic made an attempt to slip one of the shackles over the ankle so raised; but as if with the vehemence and strength which frenzy can impart even to the weakest invalid, Mr. Davis suddenly seized his assailant and hurled him half-way across the room.

On this Captain Titlow turned, and seeing that Davis had backed against the wall for further resistance, began the remonstrance, pointing out in brief, clear language, that this course was madness and that orders must be enforced at any cost. "Why compel me," he said, "to add the further indignity of personal violence to the necessity of your being ironed?"

"I am a prisoner of war," fiercely retorted Davis; "I have been a soldier in the armies of America, and know how to die. Only kill me, and my last breath shall be a blessing on your head. But while I have life and strength to resist, for myself and for my people, this thing shall not be done."

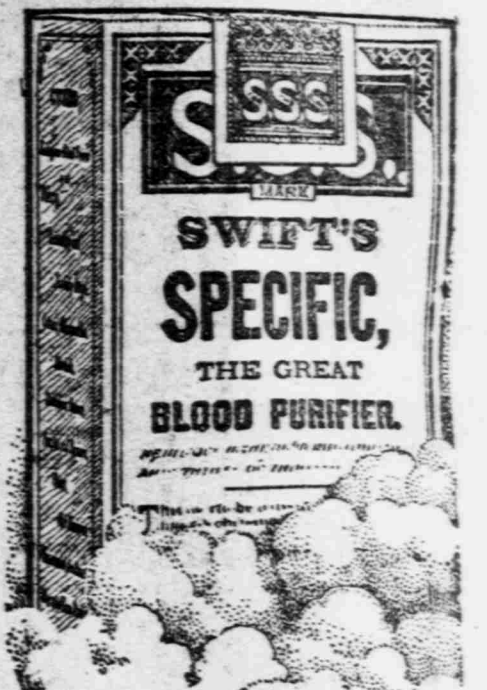
Hereupon Captain Titlow called in a sergeant and file of soldiers from the next room, and the sergeant advanced to seize the prisoner. Immediately

WHEN YOU THINK OF A BLOOD PURIFIER THINK OF SSS

The Most Popular and Widely-Known Blood Purifier

GUARANTEED PURELY VEGETABLE

This is the season that tests the quality of your blood, and if it is not good, then evidences of it will begin to show as the weather grows warmer. Carbuncles and boils, pimples and blotches, and numerous itching and burning skin eruptions will make their appearance, and are sure indications of bad blood. If spring-time finds you with impure, sickly blood, then you are in poor condition to withstand the strain upon the system which always comes at this time of the year. A failure to look after your physical welfare now, by purifying the blood and toning up the general system, may result in a complete breaking down of health later on, and you will find yourself weak and run down, with no appetite, and a prey to indigestion and nervousness. It is poor blood that makes weak bodies, for it is this vital fluid that must supply vigor and strength to our systems, and upon its purity rests our chances for health. Any impurity, humor or poison in the blood acts injuriously upon the system and affects the general health. It is to the morbid, unhealthy matter in the blood that chronic sores and ulcers are due. The pustular and scaly skin eruptions so common during spring and summer, show the blood to be in a riotous, feverish condition, as a result of too much acid or the presence of some irritating humor or acrid poison in the blood. A large per cent. of human ailments have their origin in a polluted, diseased blood, and can only be reached by a remedy that goes into the circulation and uproots and expels the poison and restores the blood to a healthy, natural condition. If



Wheeling, W. Va., May 28, 1903.
I have used your S. S. S. this spring, and found it to be a blood purifier of the best order. My system was run down and my joints ached and pained me considerably, and I began to fear that I was going to be laid up with Rheumatism. I had used S. S. S. before, and knew what it was; so I purchased a bottle of it, and have taken several bottles, with the result that the aches and pains I had are gone; my blood has been cleansed and renovated, my general health built up, so that I can cheerfully testify to its virtues as a blood purifier and tonic.

JOHN C. STEIN.

1533 Market Street.

Springfield, Ohio, May 16, 1903.

On two occasions I have used your S. S. S. in the spring with fine results. I can heartily recommend it as a tonic and blood purifier. I was troubled with headaches, indigestion and liver trouble, which all disappeared under the use of a few bottles of your great blood remedy, S. S. S. My appetite, which was poor, was greatly helped. I can eat anything I want now without fear of indigestion, and my blood has been thoroughly cleansed of impurities and made rich and strong again. As a tonic and blood purifier it is all you claim for it.

MRS. GEORGE WIEGEL.
771 E. Main St.

you have any symptoms of bad blood, and are thinking of a blood purifier, then think of S. S. S., a remedy with a long-established reputation and that has proven itself to be a specific in diseases of the blood, and a superior tonic and system builder. S. S. S. contains no mercury, potash, arsenic or other

mineral, but is composed exclusively of vegetable ingredients, selected for their medicinal properties and gathered from nature's store-houses—the fields and forests. The thousands who have used S. S. S. and know from experience what it will do in blood troubles, do not need to be reminded of a blood purifier now, for they know no better can be found than S. S. S. If you are thinking of a blood purifier, think of S. S. S., which has been sold for nearly fifty years, while the demand is greater now than ever in its history. No remedy without merit could exist so long and retain the confidence of the people. Write us if in need of medical advice, which is given without charge.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

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ST. LOUIS, GRAND PRIZE, 1904.

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New Orleans Grocery Co

Wholesale and Retail,

Phone 105.

JAS. McHUGH, Proprietor.

Established, 1874.

Political Announcements. CITY ELECTION CANDIDATES.

FOR MAYOR.

The friends of C. L. Shine announce him as a candidate for mayor at the city election June 6, and they ask the support of all voters on that date.

FOR CITY TAX COLLECTOR.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election to the office of tax collector of the city of Pensacola and ask the support of all voters at the city election.

NEILS McK. OERTING.

FOR CITY TREASURER.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for City Treasurer, in the city election of June 6, 1905.

MANSFIELD MORENO.

For City Marshal.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for City Marshal at the election to be held June 6, 1905. I respectfully ask the support of all voters.

FRANK WILDE.

For City Treasurer.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election to the office of City Treasurer and ask the support of all voters at the city election to be held June 6th.

JOS. I. JOHNSON.

FOR ALDERMAN, PRECINCT 13.

I hereby announce that I will be a candidate for re-election to the office of precinct alderman from Precinct No. 13 at the city election in June, and ask the support of the voters.

O. M. PRYOR.

For Alderman, Precinct 12.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election as alderman at large from Precinct No. 12, at the city election to be held in June, and ask the support of the voters in the city.

W. L. MOYER.